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How the Elections Look

New Republic

"Bang-Bang! You're Dead!"

Congress Takes a Look at Television Violence

BY WALTER GOODMAN

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T. R. B.

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Washington Wire

Germany will rearm. Fifteen nations have agreed to the most fateful decision since the war. West Germany will have 12 divisions—half a million men—and by 1958 should be the biggest armed power in Western Europe. There will be restrictions on her rearmament — no atomic weapons, a stronger NATO top level command, and France takes the Saar; but these restrictions are weaker than under EDC, which France rejected. Under EDC German soldiers would have been integrated at a lower command level within a NATO army. This way Germany gets what is in effect a national army. Why wasn't EDC adopted? Well, one reason was British isolationism. Britain wouldn't make commitments on the Continent, arguing that Commonwealth ties wouldn't let her, an argument, incidentally, that some Canadian and Australian spokesmen here privately deplored. Then at London, after France killed EDC, Anthony Eden gave a commitment for Continental defense which he had previously refused. Isolationism gave way and Western European Union followed. Most Americans don't know whether arming West Germany is wise. We are putting guns into the hands of a nation with a bent toward militarism—a country that caused two world wars, a country that today crackles with industrial vitality and that may again be tempted by rabid nationalism. But with EDC defeated what was the alternative? Most Americans regard the result not exultantly, but prayerfully.

At home the Republicans have made two major changes in political strategy. Eisenhower has abandoned aloofness and plunged into the campaign. And GOP leaders have dropped the high level appeal and shifted to the old reliable McCarthy pitch about "Communists-in-government." Nixon's speeches typify the final week of co-ordinated mudslinging. The Vice President charges that he has a "secret memorandum" showing Communists want Democrats elected, that the ADA "has never recognized the danger of Communism in the United States"; he again lumps all discharged security risks with "subversion," and he boasts that he took a strong hand in revoking security clearance in the off-again, on-again case of Dr. Edward Condon. In New York, Ives and Dewey bring charges against Averell Harriman so old and fantastic as to be almost funny. Columnist Thomas L. Stokes, after criss-crossing the country, finds the Nixon smear-campaign pattern adopted in a "desperate (GOP) effort to salvage the election" in Oregon, Wyoming, Colorado, Montana and Illinois, and now he adds New York. The situation is a little too gamey for many respectable Republican newspaper editors who are holding their noses, indulging in the usual last-week pious lamentations over the low state of politics, and helping the thing along by inveighing equally against *both* parties. That way they can take a lofty posture and kick the Democrats in the teeth, too.

In our judgment the talk about "apathy" is being overdone. If we are right, there is in the making a big, quiet anti-Republican groundswell that will be its own answer to the new Nixonism. It is true that the mid-term vote won't be as big as for a Presidential year, it never is; but we would expect it to exceed by a couple of million the 1952 mid-term turnout of 42 million, the biggest heretofore. Indeed, America is now hurrying toward an astonishing political paradox: after November 2 the USA will be politically two-headed. Democrats almost surely will hold one or both houses of Congress, Republicans will hold the Presidency. No other big nation could, or would, operate that way. A two-headed Washington at best means hesitation and uncertainty, at worst near-chaos. But that is the system provided by our Constitution, and we are so accustomed to it that we take it calmly and cheerfully. The one stroke of misfortune that we can all pray will not occur is for Dicky Nixon to become President.

Luther Youngdahl was Republican Governor of Minnesota. Truman made him US District Judge in Washington. Before him came US attorney Leo Rover, backed by the Justice Department, demanding the blood of Johns Hopkins professor Owen Lattimore. In 1950 McCarthy, from the libel-free Senate floor, called Lattimore "one of the top Communist agents" in America. The Tydings Committee found the McCarthy charges "a fraud and a hoax." McCarthy's friend, the late Sen. Pat McCarran, took up the attack. For six months of public testimony Lattimore was raked by committee witnesses without chance of reply, followed by 12 days of gruelling cross-examination, the most extended in Congressional history. Lattimore was subsequently indicted on the ground that he was a Communist "sympathizer." Youngdahl threw out the principal count as too vague and was sustained, 8 to 1, by the distinguished US Court of Appeals. Rover announced he would appeal to the Supreme Court, but did not. Instead he rephrased the indictment in equally nebulous language to charge Lattimore "followed the Communist line." He went further; in menacing terms he demanded that Youngdahl take himself out of the case as biased. Attorney General Brownell backed the motion, declared "he had the fullest confidence in Leo Rover." That is the background of one of the most flagrant efforts in American history to intimidate the federal judiciary, backed by the Justice Department itself. In the last analysis this symbolizes the moral state of the Eisenhower Administration. Judge Youngdahl rips the motion apart. His "bias" he said, is "that a man is innocent until his guilt is established by due process of law." The purpose of the Rover affidavit, he continues, "is to discredit, in the public mind, the final action of our courts, or else to intimidate the courts themselves." The Brownell-Rover motion is so irresponsible, so reckless as to be "scandalous." And that is what it is, and thank God there are men left alive to say so.

Notes: Ike hasn't seen the press for 9 weeks, the longest interval since regular press conferences were established. . . .

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Noteworthy This Week

BEHIND THE HEADLINES

On the Last Lap, the G. O. P. Runs Wild

AT FIRST "confident," then "running scared," Republicans now seem to be "scared silly." Following the body-blows of Maine and Alaska came a flurry of confidential memos from party workers, and private polls like that of the *New York Daily News,* showing that Democrats were leading in many key races. A hurried conference at the "Summer White House" in Denver ended Eisenhower's determined aloofness—he now holds the record for off-year campaigning by a President—and placed Vice President Richard Nixon in command of a revival effort, with Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield as his deputy. Immediately, the gutter-tactics which had from the beginning befouled a few individual campaigns were organized on the national level into what T. R. B. has labeled "co-ordinated mudslinging." Significantly, when the mud is not dominantly red in color, it is so dried by age as to retain little of the clinging quality necessary to political use. This despite the fact that Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr., and his deputy, William P. Rogers, have spent much of the past two years pouring through the files they inherited, hoping to find enough "mess" documentation to bring indictments against many a prominent Democrat. Some of the non-Red mud being slung:

In Oregon, Democratic Senatorial candidate Richard Neuberger is charged with cheating in a law course he took while in college back in 1934.

In Illinois, the State Chairman of the Republican Party wonders aloud about the mental health of "the senior socialist Senator," Paul H. Douglas.

In New York, Republican Senator Irving M. Ives charges Averell Harriman, his opponent for the Governorship, with bribing a judge 24 years ago—a charge which Republican Sen. William Langer of North Dakota says he investigated three years ago and found "entirely unsubstantiated"—and of "strike-breaking," while Governor Thomas Dewey accuses him of stealing $5 million from various stockholders in 1925.

On the national level, Postmaster General Summerfield has stated vaguely that there were 225 major scandals in the Truman Administration — 22 of them originating among "the White House staff."

But the biggest mud-heap for the Republican revival is red dirt. And the number-one boy on this pile is Vice President Nixon. He has, for example, discovered a "secret memorandum" of the Communist Party showing that it plans to "conduct its program within the Democratic Party." And "on January 23, 1953," he and his friends found "in the files" left by the Democrats, a "blueprint for socializing America." Why he waited 21 months to reveal this find, Nixon doesn't say—and lately he's been speaking of a "virtual blueprint."

Some other things Nixon does say: "We have kicked out [choose a number] thousands of subversives from government." And in Las Vegas he warned that under a Democratic Congress "the security risks . . . all will be hired back."

Following Nixon's example—described by Adlai Stevenson as "McCarthyism in a white collar"—the local party boys have gone on a rampage. In Wyoming, full-page newspaper ads label the Democratic Senatorial candidate, former Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, "FOREIGN AGENT 783," and call him the "hired attorney of Owen Lattimore." O'Mahoney is an eminent Roman Catholic layman.

In Montana, another Roman Catholic, incumbent Sen. James E. Murray, is the subject of a 24-page pamphlet entitled "Sen. Murray and the Red Web Over Congress—the story of Communist infiltration of your US Congress."

Sen Paul Douglas' opponent in Illinois, Joseph T. Meek, has denied he has anything to do with a pamphlet containing old, discredited charges that Douglas is a Communist "front man," but his campaign manager has been billed for the pamphlet and mimeographed copies of it have been distributed by his campaign headquarters. The pamphlet is the work of the anti-Semite, Harry A. Jung. It is published by the Abraham Lincoln Club whose manager is Edgar C. Bundy, famous for his frequent attacks on "subversive" clergymen, and the instigator of the American Legion's attack on the Girl Scouts.

Colorado has been plastered with billboards asking "How Red is Carroll?"—John A. Carroll is the Democratic nominee for the Senate.

The most complicated Republican Red maneuver took place in Idaho. There, Republican Sen. Herman Welker held one-man, closed hearings of the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, of which he is a member, to take secret testimony from Matthew Cvetic and

Lights—cameras—washbasin—towel.

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John Lautner, both professional ex-Communists. Welker then released selections from the testimony to the effect that Democratic Senatorial candidate Glen Taylor ran for Vice President on the Progressive Party ticket in 1948 "with full knowledge" that the party was "under Communist control" and that he was "willing to work with the Communist Party." Other members of the subcommittee have shown some unwillingness to participate in so obvious a political stunt, but it is expected that William Jenner of Indiana, chairman of the subcommittee, will show up to add his "prestige" to the hearings. Jenner also has been "discovering" things. He's just announced that in World War II, US soldiers in the clutches of a Democratic Administration "were taught the Communist line by men wearing the American uniform" from the time they entered the Army until they were mustered out.

For the last week of the campaign, the Republicans have scheduled 250 speeches. All Cabinet members, including Secretary of State Dulles, will chant the achievements of the Grand Old Party. Eisenhower has been asked to make a whirlwind, last-minute tour, but so far has agreed to only two television speeches, one on election eve. Nixon, of course, will be busy as only he can be; he is a man with a mission—and he will not rest until Harry Truman is out of the White House and Alger Hiss is in jail.

Churchill Stays Put

ONCE AGAIN, without committing himself to a clear public statement, Winston Churchill has disappointed all those, both inside and outside his own party, who long to see him make way for younger men.

At the Conservative Conference he made no reference to the subject, though the whole tenor of his speech suggested that he had no thought of retiring at any time. But the best evidence of his intentions is the major government reshuffle he has just carried out. Among his colleagues, impatience for his retirement has rested above all on the belief that so long as he remained Prime Minister, fondness for the old familiar faces would prevent the removal of dead wood from the administration and block the way to promotion for younger men. The major changes he has now made will at least weaken this source of pressure for his withdrawal; and they also throw interesting light on the pattern of Tory leadership when Churchill does go.

Some of the outstanding failures in the Conservative administration are sacked for good—the Attorney General, the team at the Ministry of Education, and the Minister of Defense, Lord Alexander, whose performance in this office underlined the lesson that military brilliance is no qualification for political success. The new ministers are 20 years younger than those now leaving office. The biggest surprise of all is that Sir David Maxwell-Fyffe, the able and popular lawyer whom many have seen as a dark horse destined for future leadership of the Tory party, has in effect withdrawn for good from the front line of party struggle by accepting a peerage as Lord Chancellor—the main legal office. Harold Macmillan, the subtle intellectual whose success as Minister of Housing is one of the Tories' greatest assets, becomes Minister of Defense and clearly fourth in the party hierarchy after Churchill, Eden, and Butler. But this post may be intended to divert him from his personal ambition to succeed Eden as Foreign Secretary. Contrary to much speculation, Eden remains at the Foreign Office, but his competent deputy, Selwyn Lloyd, becomes Minister of Works. This may well be intended to increase his political standing so that he may take Eden's place when Eden succeeds Churchill. In this way Eden would retain control of British foreign policy.

But in fact, the prospects that Eden will ever become Prime Minister are growing dimmer. Against all assumptions, Churchill may well cling on to office until the next general election. And the chances of another Conservative victory then are dwindling daily. Already the Gallup Polls show a majority for Labour. And for the first time since they won power, the Conservatives have a major industrial crisis on their hands.

The threat of a national railway strike was averted at the last minute by all-round wage increases. But last week serious trouble broke out in other parts of the transport industry.

Work in the ports of London and Liverpool has come to a standstill through a dockers' strike, and half of the busmen serving the 10 million inhabitants of London also ceased work. In both cases the strike was over conditions of work rather than wages. And in both cases most of the strikers acted in defiance of their union, the enormous amalgamation of Transport and General Workers. Thus in many ways the target of the strikers was the official Labour movement as much as the government—a fact which made Arthur Deakin, the Transport Workers' leader, attribute the trouble to Communist infiltration. But the inconvenience suffered by the public is likely to damage the government's popularity at a time when the Conservatives are already worried by the electorate's apparent unwillingness to adopt their slogan and "invest in success."

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The Bushwackers Work on Douglas

ILLINOIS Republicans are learning all over again that Sen. Paul Douglas is a hard man to ambush. They've tried twice and each time the white-haired, ex-Marine has routed the political bushwhackers with the skill of an old and tireless campaigner.

Aside from these skirmishes, the contest between Douglas and ex-lobbyist Joseph T. Meek, his Republican opponent, has resolved itself into the repetition of familiar themes. The Senator has been hammering away at the GOP's failure to cope with spotty unemployment and its division in the support of the President's foreign policy and domestic program. Meek has been waging a vigorous campaign against Communism, Socialism and the New Deal. A highly adaptable man, Meek has succeeded in transforming himself from a Bricker-Amendment Republican into a stalwart champion of Mr. Eisenhower and all of his policies. At the same time, he has managed to retain the support of the GOP right-wing, which views the apparent metamorphosis rather knowingly.

Bereft this season of the spiritual leadership of Senator McCarthy, the bushwhacking element in the party has shown a tendency to fall on its face in attempting to follow in the footsteps of the old master. The first ambush was laid for Douglas under the cover of Sen. Homer Capehart's traveling exposé of the Federal Housing Administration.

Shortly before the Senate Banking Committee came to Chicago, a story appeared in several Copley Press newspapers in Northern Illinois charging that one of Douglas' fund raisers had reaped a $1,650,000 windfall on an FHA-insured apartment project. The Copley Press has not favored the candidacy of Senator Douglas. When the hearings opened in Chicago, Senator Douglas made public an exchange of correspondence between himself and Chairman Capehart. It revealed that the windfall charge was a rather elaborate fake.

Chicago FHA Director James C. Moreland had got hold of a Douglas fund-raising letter issued by Ferd Kramer, a prominent Chicago civic leader. Moreland, a former GOP ward committeeman, sent the letter to his political sponsor, Sen. Everett Dirksen. He noted on the margin that Kramer had sponsored an FHA project which was being investigated because the FHA appraisal had been $1,650,000 more than construction cost. This tidbit was slipped by Dirksen's assistant, Harold Rainville, to the Copley Press' Washington correspondent, who labeled the $1,650,000 as a windfall profit. Under Douglas' prodding, Capehart explained it was merely the difference between the FHA's and the builders' estimates. "As a matter of fact," said Capehart, "the actual construction costs were over $7,250,000 and the guaranteed loan was only $6,354,000."

Except for an abortive investigation by US Attorney Robert Tieken to determine whether the FHA director had violated the Hatch Act in his role as tipster, that seemed to end the matter politically. But it wasn't long before the bushwhackers were at it again.

This time, a pamphlet listing Douglas as a member of a cluster of subversive organizations appeared in Northern Illinois under the auspices of the Abraham *Lincoln National Republican Club*, an organization which blooms around election time and withers shortly after. The director of the club, one Edgar C. Bundy, an ardent disciple of McCarthy, was active in the Illinois Department of the American Legion. He also acquired fame by charging that subversive influences lurk among the Protestant clergy in Illinois and Ohio. Bundy was vague about the origin of the Douglas listings, but investigation disclosed that "information" on which the pamphlet was based had been purchased from a professional research service by Mark G. Van Buskirk, Meek's campaign manager. Van Buskirk had turned the "research" over to Bundy after being advised that it had been discredited in 1948 and might backfire. An attempt to distribute the pamphlet at a meeting of the Cook County Council American Legion, was broken up by the angry protests of Legionnaires.

A shortage of cash has seemed to dog Meek's campaign. The Republican Citizens Finance Committee has admonished businessmen that "25 to 50 percent of your tax savings should be dedicated to elect men who are pledged to further economy in government and further tax cuts." "Why not base your contribution," the Committee pleads, "on a percentage of this year's savings in personal income tax?" The response to this appeal, it has been reported, has not been overwhelming.

"We'll Pay Your Bills"

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, 50 companies in the US were selling accident and health insurance. Today there are 900. Two dominant factors seem to have stimulated that growth: (1) the terrible threat to the average family's small savings-account represented by a severe illness or an accident, which set up a market; and (2) the complicated fashion in which health and accident policies have to be drawn up if they are to show a profit, which made misrepresentation of actual provisions a fairly simple matter. Money poured in. Companies selling individual insurance now collect $1 billion a year, 200 percent more than in 1946. An estimated 25 million people have bought policies.

Ten months ago, spurred by newspaper campaigns, notably by labor and Scripps-Howard papers, and a barrage of letters from dissatisfied policy holders, the Federal Trade Commission began to investigate. Now 17 companies, which account for one-third of the individual-policy business in the US—$300 million a year—have been cited for using false and misleading advertising, and summoned to appear and show cause why they should not be ordered to desist from such practices. Included are the four leading companies in the individual policy field: Mutual of Omaha, Bankers Life and Casualty (White Cross), Reserve Life of Dallas, Texas, and United Insurance of Chicago, Ill. The investigation continues; FTC Chairman Edward F. Howrey has stated that questionable advertising practices have been found in "hundreds of cases."

The companies involved already have opened a counter-attack, denying the charges, challenging the Commission's authority and charging "interference." Under its Republican chairman the FTC has shown itself extremely sensitive to the opinions of the business community (*NR*, October 26, 1953) and it may back down. When the investigation began, Commission officials implied that it would result in a master-list compar-

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ing the actual benefits offered by all of the 900 companies to their advertising claims. Howrey now says no such list will be issued.

But even if the FTC is firm, its actions will amount to little more than a slap on the wrist. Fraudulent advertising may for a time be stopped, or made more subtle, but the basic question about this type of insurance will remain unanswered: can individual health and accident policies be so drawn up as to provide benefits commensurate with the price they must bring to show a profit? The evidence so far available indicates that they cannot be, and, consequently, that false advertising is in the nature of the beast. By directing its attention solely to advertising abuses and making a great show of separating the sheep from the wolves, the FTC may find that it has in effect only succeeded in stimulating the purchase of a decidedly inferior article.

Embarrassment

W. RANDOLPH BURGESS is Undersecretary of the Treasury, an office which affects, and is responsible to, all the people. On October 7, Burgess visited New York City to address the New York State Chamber of Commerce. Since he is Board Chairman of the National City Bank of New York, most of the men in the audience were old friends, and Burgess greeted them warmly. "Every politician," he said, "must have a constituency, and I think you come as near to being mine as any group."

Burgess assured his constituents that "it is a great pleasure to play on the Eisenhower team," then described one of the problems besetting that team—the nation, it would seem, is a vast desert of mediocrity: "We are always a little embarrassed about downtown New York [Wall Street and environs]," he admitted ruefully, "because every time there is a vacancy and you need great competence you can think of three or four fellows here . . ." but, he complained, the authorities say, "For Lord's sake, give us somebody outside New York," and he has to "go digging around elsewhere in the country" only to come back after wasting much time and tell the "authorities" that "the only good man to do this job is from downtown New York, so you will have to take him."

Delhi Dispatch A More Cautious Nehru

THE INDIAN Prime Minister who recently visited China on what has been described as the most momentous mission he has ever undertaken was a different, sobered-down Nehru from the one who received Chinese Prime Minister Chou En-lai some three months ago.

During the recent foreign affairs debate in the Indian Parliament, Nehru did again attack the Southeast Asian Defense Organization, but he also described the fear and apprehension China today inspires in the small Southeast Asian nations. "Malaya, Indonesia, Indo-China and Thailand have large Chinese communities which rather frighten them," he said, and "let us be frank about it; most of these countries are afraid not of what governments do officially but what they might do *sub rosa* through the activities of the Communist Party in these countries."

Nehru, in other words, admitted publicly that there is a Chinese threat to smaller nations and that it takes two forms: (1) a nationalism which binds, at least emotionally, large Chinese minorities in these countries to Peking rather than to the lands where they have lived for generations; and (2) Communist "internationalism" which transcends the national loyalties of well-drilled Communist parties.

Nehru always has shown awareness of the danger from Communist subversion, though he has hitherto absolved international Communism of responsibility for it. At the Colombo Conference of South Asian Prime Ministers last May, for example, when Pakistan's Mohammed Ali brought up the threat to independent Asian nations from Communist expansionism, the Indian delegation, headed by Nehru, deliberately neutralized the resolution by bracketing "Communism" with "anti-Communism." Nehru, along with the Burmese and Indonesian Prime Ministers, had already expressed themselves as opposed to Dulles' proposed SEADO pact, and the Pakistan move obviously was meant to prepare the ground for the eventual participation of the Colombo Powers in SEADO. Therefore, India, Indonesia and Burma felt that they were obliged to neutralize it.

But Burma proceeded to emphasize to Nehru her very genuine fears of Chinese support of the Burmese insurgents. There followed a series of Chinese moves to encourage at the official level Nepalese and Thai "liberation" campaigns and soon after Chou En-lai's departure from Delhi, an official banquet was thrown in Peking to honor Dr. K. I. Singh, once a member of the Nepali nationalist movement, who had fled the country to China *via* Tibet. Then came broadcasts over Peking radio by the exiled ex-Premier of Thailand, Nai Pridi, on the theme of "liberation." All this, Nehru felt, violated the letter, as well as spirit of the joint statements issued by Chou En-lai, Burma's U Nu and himself, and of the five principles of co-existence set forth in the "Tibet agreement."

So, during the foreign affairs debate in Parliament, Nehru spoke of "the melancholy chapter of Tibet," a subject which must have received much attention during Nehru's recent visit to China. Defensive preparations along the Indo-Tibetan border are being intensified. Nepal is touchy about the stoppage of tribute which Tibet had paid her annually till last year, and expected Nehru to obtain from Peking adequate compensation for it, in addition to, perhaps, extradition of the Nepali fugitive, Singh.

If Peking did not accommodate Nehru on these several issues, it is unlikely that he will continue his conciliatory attitude. His recent proposal to step down from Prime Ministership has more significance in this context than in that of any domestic problem. Whoever may succeed Nehru will be nothing more than his instrument, but with respect to his commitments, the new man will start with a clean slate. Nehru, for example, being a party to the Tibet agreement, cannot go back on it, even though Peking honors parts of it only in breach.

That Nehru has come to view the problem of international Communism in perspective was further indicated by his statement as he left for China. "Co-existence," he said, "must necessarily be accompanied by no interference with other countries, internally or externally."

New Delhi G. S. BHARGAVA

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EDITORIAL

Germany as an Ally

THE DANGERS, of course, remain. The main problem is still unsolved. Nevertheless the Paris agreements have been signed on Germany. They compel us to look ahead.

The first agreement grants sovereignty to Western Germany. It reserves to Britain, France and Germany only the right to station troops in the Federal Republic and in West Berlin "for the defense of the free world of which they form a part."

The second agreement invites Western Germany into the Western European Union which Britain also joins. The title is misleading for the organization is purely military and lacks the supranational authority once proposed for the European Defense Community. It possesses the right to set ceilings on armed forces and armaments, and to enforce these ceilings.

The third agreement invites Western Germany into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization with the right to raise a 500,000 man armed force. The integration of this force is to take place only at the highest level, and thus the German national army which EDC was intended to forestall is sanctioned. To limit its independence of action new powers are granted the supreme NATO commander over all continental armies under his control.

The fourth agreement provides for the Europeanization of the Saar under a commissioner named by the WEU.

These agreements once ratified will bring to an end restrictions that could not endure upon the most powerful nation on the European continent. They grant to Western Germany the equality of treatment that was denied to the Weimar Republic and is today the precondition of any sound relationship between Germany and the West. They also grant to Western Germany the right to make her own errors. There are many who regard the agreements with misgivings, fearing that Germany will repeat her errors once again. As a reminder, this view is important; as a fixation it can be harmful in that its very rigidity can bring about that which it fears.

Western Germany is no more a monolith today than England. "Not all Englishmen were priggish zealots under the Puritans," notes Robert Lowie in his book, *Toward An Understanding of Germany*. "Not all of them were reckless libertines under Charles II. Both types co-existed throughout, each merely going underground when the other gained temporary ascendency. In Germany there was a corresponding alternation of polar trends. Particularism and centralism became alternatively dominant and recessive as did cosmopolitanism and nationalism. That either eliminated the other for good is an illusion."

There is little enthusiasm today in Western Germany for rearmament or militarism in any form. But the habits and attitudes of democracy have not yet taken root. So there is reason to fear that conscription, and a standing armed force of 500,000, can provide a focal point for aggressive nationalism. The EDC set out to minimize the danger by eliminating the German uniform and the German general staff. Those safeguards are gone and yet as the *Economist* notes, the new German Army will not be the Prussian force of Moltke or the Wehrmacht that Hitler corrupted. The Army planned by Theodor Blank, a one-time trade unionist, will be made up of civilians in uniform rather than the members of a distinct and dominant caste. They will move at the command of an American, General Alfred Gruenther.

The authority of General Gruenther, and his responsibility as NATO's commanding officer, is very much more than symbolic. Behind him, by the terms of the Paris Agreements, four US divisions and a US air force will be stationed for the foreseeable future on the European continent. With the four British divisions, the US forces make up the balance not only between Europe and Russia, but within Europe. By countering Germany's armed strength as well as Russia's they contribute to political balance within Germany.

NEVERTHELESS, nationalism remains a central force in Germany, and will until her legitimate boundaries are restored. No party, socialist or conservative, can take power or hold power which does not obey the imperative of recovering German nationals and German soil. The Soviet Government understands this, and its response to the Paris agreements is to promote indecision in France and neutralism in Germany by calling for new negotiations on unification. The US Government answers that there must be no negotiation until the Paris agreements are ratified. What are we prepared for then? We have set out to bind Germany to our system by the Paris agreements. But for Germany, unlike all other members of NATO, the recovery of the Eastern territories is the primary objective of diplomacy. A sovereign West German Government is bound to enter into discussions with the Kremlin. A rigid doctrine that equates negotiation with appeasement can drive the discussions into a secret illegitimate frame. The safeguard for the United States and NATO is to accept the inevitability of negotiation and accommodation with Russia and thereby prevent the negotiations from developing along bilateral and anti-Western lines.

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Down, Rover, Down!

On October 23 the Department of Justice was handed a stinging rebuke in its attempt to disqualify the judge who will preside over the perjury trial of Owen Lattimore. Judge Luther W. Youngdahl, former Republican Governor of Minnesota, refused to disqualify himself in the face of an affidavit of bias and prejudice filed against him by the United States Attorney, Leo A. Rover. This refusal was couched in terms of an unprecedented and scathing denunciation of Rover's action, which had the full backing of Attorney General Brownell.

This sensational incident had its origins in Judge Youngdahl's opinion in 1953 outlawing four of the seven counts of the perjury indictment as unconstitutionally vague and indefinite. The Court of Appeals reinstated two of the four counts but upheld Youngdahl's dismissal of the key charge that Lattimore lied when he denied before the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee that he had ever been a sympathizer or promoter of Communism. Lattimore was then re-indicted.

In objecting to Judge Youngdahl's continued participation in the case, Rover relied exclusively on certain statements made in the judge's 1953 opinion. The judge there threw out one count because it would have required "speculation into the human mind." The judge also made reference to hearings of the Tydings and McCarran Committees of the Senate and observed that we should not attempt "to require a conformity of thought and beliefs that has no relevancy to a present danger."

Pounding the podium and talking loudly, Rover accused the judge of having "acted as an advocate and not as a judge" in making such statements and of betraying a "bent of mind that may prevent impartiality of judgment." He declared that the judge was forced to disqualify himself "under the law and the fundamental concepts of American democracy" because he seemed to be "interested only in the defendant and pays no attention to the right of the public—my client." Rover even attempted to preclude Lattimore's attorneys from opposing the affidavit of bias and prejudice, saying that the matter was solely between the judge and the prosecution. But this effort failed and Thurman Arnold, on behalf of Lattimore, forcefully pointed out that Rover's action was "unprecedented in American jurisprudence" and was akin to "familiar Communist tactics."

Judge Youngdahl sat mute during the argument. A day later he issued this memorandum opinion:

> The United States Attorney has filed an affidavit of bias and prejudice against me. A special assistant to the Attorney General has certified that the affidavit is made in good faith.
>
> The affidavit asserts that I have a "fixed opinion" that the defendant, Lattimore, is innocent, and therefore, in order to insure . . . a fair and impartial trial," I should disqualify myself. In support of these charges the affidavit relies on certain language in the memorandum opinion setting forth my rulings dismissing certain counts of the original document.
>
> The government appealed from my rulings and our Court of Appeals, sitting *en banc,* reviewed them. Eight of our nine distinguished appellate judges sustained me in dismissing the most vital count in the indictment. Four of the nine judges were for sustaining my action in toto. There is nothing, and the present affidavit makes no claim that there is anything, in any of the views expressed by any of our nine appellate judges that gives the slightest color to the charge of bias against me.
>
> The government did not ask the Supreme Court to review the action of the Court of Appeals. Hence, the government must have believed there was no valid basis within the judicial process for pursuing review of my rulings in the case. The lack of such valid basis, however, neither exhausted nor restrained the resourcefulness of the government's legal representatives in this litigation. They filed the present affidavit.
>
> Under applicable law, I cannot concern myself with the truth or falsity, but only with the legal sufficiency of the allegations of fact on which the affiant bases his charge of bias and prejudice. I note, however, that these allegations, as distinguished from the inference of prejudgment that the affiant would derive from them, are plainly true. The factual allegations are simply that in taking judicial action in this case I used certain words. These words cannot reasonably be thought to "give fair support" to an inference of bias and prejudice. Moreover, the Supreme Court determined long ago ". . . that the bias or prejudice which can be used against a judge must be based upon something other than rulings in the case." Obviously, therefore, it must be based upon something other than the words the judge uses in setting forth his rulings.
>
> At bottom, the affidavit is based upon the virulent notion that a United States judge who honors and adheres to the sacred Constitutional presumption that a man is innocent until his guilt is established by due process of law has "a bent of mind" that disables him from conducting the fair and impartial trial to which both the accused and the government are entitled. The affidavit is therefore so patently and grossly insufficient that I cannot escape from the conclusion that the purpose of the affidavit is to discredit, in the public mind, the final action of our courts, or else to intimidate the courts themselves. It follows that those who made or authorized the certificate that the affidavit was made in good faith acted irresponsibly and recklessly as lawyers and officers of the government.
>
> Under my oath to preserve sacred Constitutional principles, I can properly do no less than to strike the affidavit as scandalous. It is so ordered.

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Schizophrenia in Ohio

ANALYST: Can you describe your symptoms?
YOUNG WOMAN: I hear voices.
ANALYST: Let's start there. What do they say?
YOUNG WOMAN: They tell me whom to vote for. For example, I like Ike. But he ran in 1952 and was elected. I don't see why I must vote for him now. His name's not even on the ticket.
ANALYST: Who says you're voting for Ike now?
YOUNG WOMAN: Congressman Bender, who's running for the Senate. He says a vote for Bender is a vote for Ike because Ike needs a Republican Congress to help him put through his program. But Ike's program hasn't been announced, and the idea of voting for a man who will back a program he hasn't yet heard about confuses me.
ANALYST: What else confuses you?
YOUNG WOMAN: Well, Senator Bricker, the other Senator from Ohio. Why should I have to vote for him? *His* name's not on the ticket either.
ANALYST: Who says you have to vote for Bricker?
YOUNG WOMAN: Mr. Bender. He says Senator Bricker is plenty peeved about having his vote nullified by Senator Burke. For instance Senator Bricker voted against the St. Lawrence Seaway. Senator Burke voted for it. Senator Bricker voted for the housing bill. Senator Burke voted against it.
ANALYST: Then sometimes their votes cancel each other out. That seems clear.
YOUNG WOMAN: Oh no, it's not clear at all, because each of those times Senator Burke was voting with Ike even though he's a Democrat and Senator Bricker was voting against Ike even though he's a Republican. But Mr. Bender says I must send him to the Senate because only Republicans will back Ike. Doesn't that confuse you too, Doctor?
ANALYST: Please—I ask the questions.
YOUNG WOMAN: Another thing—some people are saying that Mr. Bender is a man of "demonstrated mediocrity," "a master of deception," and "has a shady reputation in political and business dealings."
ANALYST: You must not forget that a campaign is an outlet for aggressions and hostilities. Naturally one side will make such statements about the other.
YOUNG WOMAN: But the Democrats didn't say those things. They were said by a Republican, Mr. Saxbe, when he ran against Mr. Bender in the primary. Last April he said, "It's incredible that the Republicans took a party hack and retreaded him as a candidate for United States Senator." Now he's telling me to vote for Mr. Bender.
ANALYST: Continue.
YOUNG WOMAN: Mr. Rhodes, another Republican, said, "Bender thrives on weak and if possible corrupt government. Principles mean nothing to Bender." Now Mr. Rhodes is campaigning for Governor and teamed up on the Republican ticket with Bender. Now he says I should vote for Bender.
ANALYST: A simple case of ambivalence. However, Mr. Rhodes is not my patient.
YOUNG WOMAN: I know, Doctor. I'm the one who needs help. For instance, Mr. Bender's House Subcommittee on Labor Racketeering held hearings in Cleveland last week to show that there was racketeering and bombings in the unions here while Mr. Burke was mayor. But the next day their star witness, Moose Maxwell, took it all back. He said his testimony was meaningless because when he was sworn in he held up his left hand.
ANALYST: A primitive type obviously relying upon the power of compulsive-obsessive rituals.
YOUNG WOMAN: But the newspapers say they have a photograph of Moose raising his right hand.
ANALYST: Now we're getting somewhere! At last we have one positive fact—Moose actually did raise his right hand! Newspapers are a great help in situations like this.
YOUNG WOMAN: That's what I figured, Doctor, before I read them. The *Cleveland Press* supported Tom Burke each of the four times he ran against George Bender— for Mayor of Cleveland; and they endorse Tom Burke for Senator now. But the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* supported Tom Burke each of the four times he ran for mayor against Bender; and now they endorse Bender—for Senator.
ANALYST: There seems to be some discrepancy——
YOUNG WOMAN: But then the last paragraph of the *Press* editorial for Burke says it "hopes that those who genuinely feel the President should have, all other considerations set aside, a friendly Congress, will at the November election express that view." Doesn't that sound as if they hope people will vote for Bender?
ANALYST: Oh well, the Press is a Scripps-Howard paper. Roy Howard is a Republican. Few sons have the temerity to revolt against the father-figure.
YOUNG WOMAN: But the *Plain Dealer* editorial for Bender says, "This recommendation is not intended to reflect in any sense on the capabilities of Senator Burke. We have a great deal of admiration and affection for him as an individual." Doesn't that sound as if it's absolutely okay with them if people vote for Burke?
ANALYST: Interesting case of neurotic ambivalence. Now . . .

ELEANOR BAYER

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The Brighter Side of Co-Existence

by Lewis S. Feuer

IF WE ASSUME, and we have no reason not to assume, that the words recently spoken by the leaders of the Republican and Democratic parties mean what they seem to mean, the United States today *does* have a bipartisan approach to the problem of East-West co-existence.

For within the past few weeks the President has said:

> Since the advent of nuclear weapons, it seems clear that there is no longer any alternative to peace if there is to be a happy and well world.

Several days earlier, Mr. Stevenson had said:

> I get a little impatient with the semantic debate for and against co-existence, for it is either co-existence or no-existence.

The relevant questions, therefore, are: what kind of co-existence shall we seek? how will co-existence affect us, Russia, Europe, Asia, Africa? For there are kinds of co-existence, from friendly collaboration through antagonistic co-operation to the most hostile, suspicious *modus vivendi*. And the character of the world will be largely determined in the next century by the kind of co-existence which is established.

Though it has brought terrific tensions to the world, the nine-year-old East-West rivalry has also brought gains which often are overlooked. The competition of political and economic systems has pressured Western nations toward greater fulfillment of their dormant ideals. To take one example, the historic decision by the United States Supreme Court to desegregate education was in part, influenced by US-USSR rivalry. When Hitler was the enemy, little had to be offered in bidding for the support of colonial peoples; for his was the doctrine of the master race, the pitiless Nietzschean extermination of the "inferior." But since the end of World War II, Russia and the United States have been the principal competitors for the allegiance of colored races. Soviet doctrine, in distinction to practice, has been one of racial equality, the October revolution promised cultural autonomy to ethnic minorities. Soviet administration among backward peoples of Central Asia won the frank admiration even of British colonial officials. And after 35 years, the Soviet idea still has a residual magnetism in Asia and Africa. Of course Soviet reality has diverged from the myth of equality, but to newly liberated peoples the myth *is* the reality.

What has been our response to the widely circulated myth? When the Soviets broadcast propaganda about lynchings in America, the State Department has tried to answer with the truth that lynchings no longer take place in America. It has appointed Negroes as its spokesmen at the United Nations. It has encouraged qualified Negroes to travel abroad and tell the full American story. It has done so, in large part, because Soviet propaganda had struck at a vulnerable aspect of American life. It was clear that Asian resentment toward the traditional white overlord often attached itself to the American symbol.

When the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People argued its case before the Supreme Court, there was an inarticulate premise in its pleading. "Your own position among the world's peoples is precarious," it said. "It is you who are finally on trial before the world. Turn us down, keep our children segregated in the schools, and everywhere in the world—India, China, Indonesia, France, Burma—people will mock at hypocritical America." Thus ran also the *amicus curiae* brief which was never quite mentioned, but which breathed life into the judicial logic, shaking old precedents from their moorings.

CHIEF JUSTICE WARREN cited a new "modern authority" for "psychological knowledge." The "authority" was composed in large proportion of social scientists whose sympathies and close relation to Marxism a generation ago had made them understand all the more sharply the crucial significance of racial problems in today's global contest. The State Department (aware of its potential impact, awaited the Court's decision with more than curiosity. Within an hour after it was rendered, the Voice of America was broadcasting in 34 different languages that racial segregation now has no place in American public education. It was breakfast news for the Far East, and evening scuttlebutt in Moscow. "Area specialists" for once all agreed—that at long last the colored peoples of Asia and Africa might be told with conviction that the United States is not the defender of a color hierarchy.

The rivalry of political-economic systems, for this is what co-existence has meant, gives a competitive advantage to hitherto submerged peoples. They can and do shop among the offerings of Russia and America; it's a buyer's market.

Point Four is another device born of co-existent competition. Technical instruction, the advice of agricultural scientists, assistance in health programs,

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educational guidance, are provided by America freely to technologically backward areas. All this is something quite unforeseen in Marxian theory, impelling the Communists to struggle with semantic tricks to represent Point Four aid as "exploitation." Realities, however, are difficult to obliterate by political syntax.

The American capitalist government, furthermore, has proceeded to transfer billions of dollars of "surplus value" to potential competitors. It has helped to reconstruct the economies of France, Britain, Italy, Japan. In rebuttal, Communist theoreticians have done their best to prove that the Marshall Plan was a device for colonializing the European economy, arguing that the independence of Britain and France would be undermined. Actually those countries were enabled to become more independent in their policy than they have been at any time since the war's end. It's an economic paradox that this international Public Works Administration contributed toward stabilizing American capitalism as well by providing acceptable outlets for government spending.

Lenin said imperialism was the last stage of capitalism. But in the age of co-existence, capitalism renounces imperialist policy, and it appears more probable that imperialism was a stage of socialism in the Stalinist era. Marx and Lenin could only conceive of Western capitalism as an imperialist drive for higher profits at the expense of cheap Asian labor. Yet in the age of co-existence, countries which reject Point Four assistance are those like Syria where the semi-feudal landlord class fears the rising living standards of the peasants. Co-existence is facilitating the gradual liquidation of imperialism; and behind the grants of independence to India, Burma, Indonesia, behind the evacuation of the Suez Canal, and the socialist self-rule of the Gold Coast, lies always an awareness that the Soviet Union too is hard at work, bidding for the loyalty of those who are rejected and disillusioned.

EVEN the character of conservatism in America has been modified by the continuous impact of competitive co-existence. Necessity rather than charity was responsible for Republican commitments to the United Nations and Point Four. "Do-good" schemes go against the grain of most Republicans. Nevertheless, the GOP has supported projects for reclamation of backward areas in the Middle East, knowing that the United States cannot compete with Sovietism on the ideological world market unless it clothes Uncle Sam more in the role of an agricultural technician or medical aide than in the garments of the profit-seeker. The conservative mind is rarely the originator of proposals for social reconstruction, the conservative being moved to action rather by the existence of a reform yardstick. English conservatism gave workingmen the vote because the Liberals were going to do so; Prussian conservatives in 1806 abolished feudalism from above because they feared the ideas of the French Revolution; Bismarck pioneered in social legislation in order to deprive the socialists, as he said, of their "bird-call." American Republicanism shares this conservative trait. It has had to endorse the extension of social security and the policy of full employment because of the domestic political competitor. And, reluctantly recognizing the weight of the Soviet idea on the world scale, it has become something of a "do-gooder" itself, to the point of offering to share its atomic energy know-how with other nations.

LIKEWISE the Soviet Union has not been immune to the pressures of co-existence. For a brief time, despite its own domestic variant of anti-Semitism, it felt obliged to support Israel's struggle for national life. The Soviet and Polish delegates then gave speeches at the United Nations in which for once their language of human rights seemed more than formal. Russia was obliged, in its own interests, to give financial and technical assistance to Communist China, and to allow the dangerous entry of Mao Tse-tung into the canon of Marxist authority. Stalin's will to omnipotence drove Tito from the Cominform; and to extirpate further heresy the hegemony of the secret police in the Soviet empire was reinforced. But with Stalin's death Soviet responses to the requirements of co-existent competition have become more like those of less-driven human beings. Since then have come a series of decisions culminating in the negotiated dissolution of the Soviet joint stock companies in China, the evacuation of Port Arthur, the approval of the Trieste settlement, the abrogation of joint companies in Bulgaria and Rumania.

Liberalism finds a fertile soil in the strife of plural groups. In the Soviet Union, small sprouts of liberal thought and practice make their appearance, assisted by the conflict of factions against the ever-present background of a free world anxious to capitalize on Soviet blunders. The several managerial strata in Russia are contending for positions of relative supremacy. The political system of present-day Russia has the potential makings of a "managerial pluralism": economic managers, political managers, military managers being the vectors of the Soviet polygon of forces. The police managers have, for the present, been relegated to a subordinate status. Against the setting of co-existence, the managerial groups vie with each other for popular favor.

Malenkov acknowledges that another war would destroy Soviet civilization together with the West, and seeks to make himself the spokesman for peace. Behind the concessions to political prisoners, the liberation of Soviet scientists from the shame of Lysenkoism, the increase in consumers' goods, the rehabilitation of old Bolsheviks, the "normalization" of relations with Yugoslavia, and recent Russian and satellite participation in the specialized agencies of the UN, is a sensitivity of Soviet managers to the demands of reality.

There is, it is true, another side to the coin. Antagonistic co-existence brings tension and frayed nerves.

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America vented its anxiety on Oppenheimer; Russia has a brigade of McCarthys. In both countries, politicians who feed on fear have tried to undermine the status of intellect, because intellect is inherently independent and undependable. The colossal model which American anti-intellectuals, consciously or unconsciously have tried to emulate is Russia. In both countries, authoritarians have tried to break the spirit of intellectuals, to run thinkers through a gauntlet of brainwashing and recantation, to inflict upon the individual a permanent self-hatred and sense of guilt, to render them forevermore politically impotent. But in the USSR, the authoritarians were the supreme power; in the USA, fortunately, they have been an annoying but small and diminishing minority.

In both countries, there are signs that anti-intellectualism is receding. As internal security increases the Soviet managerial class has a taste of ease and liberty; the Messianic aspects of the Leninist creed has receded into the background. And America has surely passed over the hump of McCarthyism. The era of co-existence *could* be one of deepening security and growing freedom for all the world's peoples. It could also be one of frustrated, festering hatred. Islam and Christendom co-existed uneasily for almost a thousand years. They warred for centuries. Periods of liberalism alternated with intolerant authoritarianism.

But neither Western nor Soviet civilization can risk the prospect of another such thousand years of anxiety. Nor is there any reason to believe that continuing competitive co-existence cannot be made to work without disaster. Every lifting of the Iron Curtain offers opportunity for explanation of differences and possibilities of the two worlds living without war. Every student, businessman, Congressman, who visits Russia can influence the pattern of co-existence. Every Soviet visitor to the United States can help reduce irrational fears by first-hand knowledge.

There have been signs of Soviet willingness to participate in such a program. A few years ago, the Soviets were denouncing Columbia University's Russian Institute as a training-school for spies and saboteurs. Last summer, four members of that school were allowed to travel from Moscow to Samarkand, and to talk freely in Russian with whomsoever they chose. Under conditions of freer travel and unrestricted communication, cultural interchange cannot easily be used for "guided" propagandist tours; and it is certain that the next generation of American visitors will scrutinize Soviet socialism with a more critical eye than did its predecessors.

A gloomy Freudian might say that an age of co-existence is necessarily one of intolerance and anti-intellectualism for as aggression is frustrated externally, it turns inward. But we can work also on the hypothesis that every diminished anxiety reduces the desire for aggression, and that a world, without the ever-present, haunting fear of destruction, *can* face the future with a considerable measure of self-confidence.

"Bang—Bang! You're Dead!"

by Walter Goodman

"THE River Patrol," opens aboard a boat, where one smuggler is strangling an accomplice with a nylon stocking. A man appears from the galley to throw a bread knife at the murderer as he's about to roll victim No. 1 overboard. The knife misses by a hair; the "heavy" pulls out his own yard-long blade and plunges it into the frustrated assassin's belly to the accompaniment of an agonizing scream. He then smacks a faithful accomplice hard in the stomach—just to let off excess energy. Before the villain is done in, he plots to toss Police Officer Robey into a bay, engages in a crate-heaving, head-clouting struggle with the good young man and at one point clumps down on his hand with a boot; Robey groans in a heart-rending close-up. He recovers sufficiently to rabbit-punch the villain into unconsciousness and so make law and order triumph once again.

This is the kind of TV film for children that prompted a Special Senate Subcommittee on Juvenile Delinquency to turn its attention to the television industry last week. Chairman Robert C. Hendrickson (R, N.J.) held two days of hearings on the subject. Subcommittee Director Richard Clendenen exhibited an hour's worth of juicy film excerpts, like the one above. TV network vice presidents appeared in charcoal-gray flannel sobriety to deny any link between their merchandise and wayward youths. Mrs. Clara A. Logan, President of the National Association for Better Radio and Television, brought in a bookful of testimonials to the perils of the hard-riding, straight-shooting school of drama.

Serious students differ as to what effect, if any, such an active TV life can have on a youngster. The anti-violence case is put vividly by Dr. Edward Podolsky:

> Seeing constant brutality, viciousness and unsocial acts results in hardness, intense selfishness, even in mercilessness, proportionate to the amount of exposure and its play on the native temperament of the child. Some cease to show resentment to insults, to indignities, and even cruelty toward helpless old people, to women and other children.

Network spokesmen and station managers produced

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their own experts to support the claim that broken homes and only broken homes make delinquents. They were unanimous in defense of their kiddy shows and in their reiterated concern for the nation's youth.

John Hayes, president of Station WTOP-TV, the Washington affiliate of CBS, was quick to take on himself the responsibility for previewing all films that go out over his station. "There isn't much question as to what is good and proper and decent," Mr. Hayes told the Senate Committee. "Good and decent people know it."

One of WTOP's proudest offerings—one which it originated all by itself—is the "Pick Temple Show." Pick is a genial cowboy who often uses up part of his daily 90 minutes by throwing in an old movie that WTOP has purchased blind from a distributor—such as *Flame of the West*, a film for the kiddies which opens with a tight-gowned floozie smirking at a saloon bar while the free-for-all she has just provoked rages around her. Chairs and bottles fly apart over stuntmen's skulls; guns blast; the Marshal clumps one protagonist solidly over the head with his gun butt to conclude the affray. After a while the Marshal himself is ambushed and done in while trying to serve an injunction on the saloon proprietor. The town doctor takes up the good cause and completes it, knocking off four villains in about four seconds with four shots. "Men may differ as to whether these programs make any profound contribution to man's knowledge," commented Mr. Hayes.

EARL COLLINS is the head of a TV film-distributing subsidiary of Republic Pictures. "We have long been known as leaders in Westerns and outdoor action films," Mr. Collins recalled to explain why his catalogue is weighted so heavily toward the hard-riding school of drama. He urged the Committee not to upset itself over the profusion of such shows on TV.

One of Mr. Collins' products to make its appearance on a Washington station this fall was an old film entitled, *The Crimson Ghost*. The rather involved plot has to do with a college professor (The Crimson Ghost himself!) who wants to sell a cyclotron to a foreign government. A young criminologist and his beautiful assistant are out to foil the Ghost.

A vigorous fight in a warehouse develops early in the picture, with the beautiful assistant being knocked about by the Ghost and ending up on her back while the young criminologist and his adversary are leaping, whirling, somersaulting, tossing crates at one another, and making pretty much of a shambles of the warehouse. The beautiful assistant, recovering suddenly, jumps to the steering wheel of a handy truck with a friend beside her; the Ghost loses control and hops from the truck which then crashes through a wall and goes hurtling over a nearby ledge with its luckless occupant.

Another climactic scene occurs in the young criminologist's apartment. Two gang members break in to steal his secret cyclotron-neutralizing plans. They try to force the beautiful and courageous assistant to talk by twisting her arm; she grits her teeth and declines. So the ingenious team places her hand in a drawer and shuts it. "You better talk, sister," one of them suggests. She grimaces; he pushes; she submits. But the young criminologist dashes in, and his vases and lamps all emerge *hors de combat* from the ensuing fray. Finally, one villain escapes through the door and the other goes out through the window—a very long drop.

A Week of TV: New York, 1953
3,421 acts and threats of bloodshed
6.2 instances of violence per hour
36.6 per hour on children's shows
—From a University of Illinois study.

Mr. Collins wasn't sure whether such proceedings are in good taste. He agreed that if the girl's hand had been chopped off, *that* would've been going too far; even if her knuckles bled perceptibly, it would've given him pause; but as no blood appeared, he couldn't commit himself without first examining a print in private.

Questioned on the second day was Fred Houwink, General Manager of WMAL-TV, the Washington outlet which carried *The Crimson Ghost*. Said Mr. Houwink, "We are very particular about what we put on the air."

"Footlight Theatre," an NBC property, is a half-hour show which, again, relies on those packaged films. A recent movie presented on it was *Devil Riders*, the tale of a group of outlaws trying to disrupt the Pony Express. The Express owner is the first casualty; Buster Crabbe—affianced to the deceased man's daughter—takes over and is soon involved in a number of two-to-one battles with tough-looking hombres. Then there's a big scene in which six extras shoot a good man down in cold blood. This is followed by a blast which buries several persons alive while the two scurrilous blasters trade smiles. Then one crook shoots another in the back by mistake. A lot of office furniture gets splintered up in a rousing battle, and finally the posse runs down the outlaws, kills five and take the rest in for their just deserts.

UNNERVING as the excerpts may sound to the uninitiated, the collective conscience of the broadcasters is, happily, untroubled. Invariably the villain winds up taking a more severe cumulative beating than the hero has been taking all the way through. They console themselves, too, with the axiom that parents are responsible for what their offspring watch, even if the only choice is between high explosives and blunt instruments. In all justice, it must be pointed out that none of the cited dramas was produced by a network. Indeed, though they make few inspiring programs for children, the networks make equally few brutal ones. But they are so shaken by the threat of any kind of supervision that they have become the respectable advocates of the back-room operators who are deluging the country with murders and

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sluggings. Now, the kids like "Hopalong Cassidy" and "Captain Midnight." Many spend as much time before their TV sets as in their schoolrooms. Such programs apparently do satisfy real needs of the child-viewer and no critic has suggested that a crime story will instantly turn a clean-cut American lad into a razor-wielding sadist. (One of the broadcasters' trump arguments is that it won't. The contributions of ABC Vice-President Robert H. Hinckley to last week's proceedings was the revelation that the USSR has lots of juvenile delinquents and very few TV sets.) But do our present TV shows satisfy the child's needs in the happiest way?

EVEN its most rabid defenders would be hard put to demonstrate that American television measures up to its potentialities. The reason it does not and probably never will—just as radio never did—can be reduced to the simplest economics. Why should a local station manager—a man who was promoted for his command of a balance sheet—lay out cash for the talent and the physical properties to produce uncertain money-makers when he can obtain a gross of perenially popular Westerns at a reasonable rental and be comfortably set for ever and ever?

New industries have sprung to vigorous life for the sole purpose of filling this need—the distributors of aged films and the producers of new ones as much like the old as possible. They sell action-packed packages to advertising agencies or direct to the stations. The station managers are sent a single pilot film on the basis of which they must decide whether to buy the entire batch being offered. If they do take it, they receive each reel from three days to a week before it's due to be shown. No one at the ordinary station has any background or special interest in children's entertainment, but then neither did the producer who manufactured the stuff in the first place. Some editing may be done at the local outlet—designed to accentuate the cliff-hangings and keep the story moving. Nothing keeps a story moving like a good fight.

From the workings of this system, it's at least clear who *can't* be depended upon to reduce the amount of crime and violence in TV movies. Advertisers will be disinclined to do anything about the situation so long as their product sells. Mrs. Logan did predict in her testimony that "an increasingly alert public will refuse to buy candy and cereal from the dispensers of mental poison," but as of now the sponsors aren't quaking.

The movie producers and distributors can hardly be asked to alter the formula that is making them rich. Some 800 of these films are now circulating around the country and the sources keep pumping more out. The small stations—the theoretically responsible licensees—won't do anything about it unless they're pushed hard; the package system is just too neat to abandon. The question before the committee is: Who's to do the pushing?

Senator Hendrickson seems much taken with the broadcasters' own, negligibly observed code. He feels that a Breen Office-type censorship might work for TV as successfully as it has worked for Hollywood. Considering that *The Crimson Ghost* and all the other resurrected thrillers received the MPAA seal of purity at birth, it's hard to comprehend just why this would be a step forward.

Since government regulation is anathema to everyone, including the FCC, the networks seem to remain the last resort of parents and teachers. As the real moving powers of the industry, they must accept the brickbats for all shortcomings, even when—as in this case—they're not the direct offenders. They exercise no outright control over local stations aside from the few they own, but several moves are open to them which might tend to clear the air.

Every network has a large research department which devotes itself to investigating what sells best to whom. The networks might, on the British pattern, delegate to a qualified individual responsibility for all children's programs. The new vice president could concentrate on broadening the now far-too-narrow range of these shows, encouraging more imaginative offerings and inviting the opinions of educators, community groups and parents in general on the results. The big corporations might make it financially more tempting for affiliate outlets to use network productions rather than the canned goods which are at present dominating the market. And, most important, they could put their prestige to work for the health of their growing industry instead of for the immediate profit of a few hundred businessmen.

WHEN Enid Love, Assistant Head of School Broadcasting of BBC, was sworn in as a witness before the committee, she brought a sense of quiet responsibility which had been embarrassingly lacking up to that moment. The lone BBC television channel offers a richer variety of programs for children in any given week than do all our networks, local stations, and package producers put together. An unwelcome incidence of crime and violence is not a problem in Miss Love's department, but fear of juvenile delinquency has nothing to do with the BBC's restraint in this area. It's simply that the artistic standards of those working with children's shows won't permit the lavish tossing-in of such ingredients. The programs, said Miss Love, "must be planned and produced by men and women with a genuine concern for the well-being of children as well as a feeling for the medium with which they work."

Our package producers and station managers are businessmen with a genuine concern for the advertiser's dollar. They—and many of the nework executives—are individuals whose sensibilities permit them, without irony or the hint of shame, publicly to liken Hopalong Cassidy to King Lear. It makes all the difference.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Caste and Color in Modern India

by Selig Harrison

THE COLOR LINE that marks off Hindu from Hindu is a silent, elusive fact of life in India. It is not one of the pretty facts about a nation which belabors others for race injustice. Yet most Indians dismiss the paradox with an equally unlovely explanation.

True, they say in effect, a color line does exist in India. You are better off fair than dark in the society of Hindus, and you will marry a mate with skin no darker than your own. But this is a matter of caste tradition, not discrimination between races. Even the word for the caste system in Sanskrit, *varna,* literally means color. It is all a question of social organization—a private affair with no outside significance. The color line is respectable, in short; it has the sanction of ancient scripture. But does this keep it a family matter? The fact that a pyramid of color snobbery stands in the midst of the Hindu social structure inevitably complicates Hindu relations with other peoples.

An American in India, by Saunders Redding (Bobbs-Merrill; $3.50).

Certainly Saunders Redding, an American Negro author and educator, found his State Department-sponsored Indian tour in 1952 no joyous festival of racial solidarity. His vivid, often brilliantly written account of his mission is the story of a rasping emotional ordeal. This reader, searching for reasons why Redding responded so violently to his Indian excursion, suggests that the complex Hindu attitude toward Negroes must have been a key factor.

The upper-caste Hindu intellectual who dominates Redding's experiences cannot easily accept the Negro as his equal. The almost ivory-fair Brahmin, pointedly tracing his history back to the same racial roots as Western white peoples, lays down a psychological barrier before the Negro as solid as it is without malice. Some Negroes sensing this condescension shrug it off, but others respond with a chill antipathy that lingers on.

Unaccountably, Redding does not directly raise this issue in all his brooding, indecisive reflections on the "unimaginable" Hindu color-consciousness he encountered. He explains his reaction mainly in terms of two other reasons, valid as far as they go.

First, he reports his wrenching personal realization that the weighty "emotional baggage"—racial self-consciousness—which he shed in the United States only after years of struggle had to be taken up all over again during his three months in India. Indians, meanwhile, confront him with the unflattering assumption that any American Negro in State Department tow must be playing an Uncle Tom role for personal gain—"the defenselessness of my peculiar position," Redding recalled.

LIKE EVERY American, Redding also found the barrage of nationalist stillettos from his Indian audiences a severe test of patience and good humor. But his narrative betrays a subtle emotional recoil that seems qualitatively different from the response of the typical white American. Although obviously not satisfied that he adequately explains his reaction, Redding fails to dissect Hindu psychology or his own to speculate still more. Instead, he holds up to his aroused reader a Communist Juggernaut that somehow always swells to the fore just when more perplexing issues bid for recognition in the background.

He puzzles and ponders, sidestepping the Myrdal-like look at India that his unusual experience seems to demand. Still, his book has powerful timely interest. His candid, sharp sketches of the Indian university intelligentsia present perhaps for the first time a close-up view of this strategic group. He tells his story with dramatic reportorial effect, recounting ten give-and-take sessions with Indian audiences, another dozen personal encounters with individual Indians, and conversations with Americans he met along the way. Except for his badly exaggerated estimate of Communist strength, his report lends considerable insight into the present mood of the Indian literati.

Perhaps Redding felt he could not pin down the Hindu attitude toward Negroes in terms sufficiently concrete to justify touching so provocative a question at all. In any event, other Negroes resident in India for long periods have been less reticent. "It is a gentle sort of condescension, which hits you all the harder when you finally realize what's been eating you," one young Negro woman employee of a US social agency in India explained. A prominent former Point Four official observed that Indian officials in New Delhi invariably treat Negroes on the American Embassy staff with "almost cultivated indifference."

THE HINDU posture toward Negroes has often been explained in terms of a strict caste analogy, with the Negro in the role of the untouchable and therefore instinctively shunned. But the problem is not that simple. The caste Hindu intellectual is a bundle of contradictions. On the one hand, he believes that in the present period of world history all colored peoples are in the same joint relationship to the white West, which must therefore be confronted jointly. With white overlordship in India still a painful memory, he transfers a portion of his hunger for national self-respect into an emotional united front with the entire colored world. A lynching in Georgia does, indeed, seem to be a direct attack on him.

At the same time, however, he sets himself in a distinct class apart. He takes pride in the fact that the early Aryan migrants who established Hindu society fanned out of a racial core that was neither Negroid nor Mongoloid. He looks back to Hindu golden ages without parallel in the heritage of most other colored peoples. In the clash of these opposite psychological currents, he wonders whether he really deserves to suffer a fate in common with other colored peoples who have no racial common ground with the dominant nations and who never *were* on top of the international heap. A vague exasperation tinges his world view.

Understandably, Redding found the complex psychological and political scene that faced him in India a stunning sur-

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prise. His mission came in the very beginning stages of the experimental "university contact" program launched by former Ambassador Chester Bowles. He pioneered a trail later traveled by nearly 20 other educators who undoubtedly benefited from his experiences. His journey was, as he calls it in his book, a pilot project.

BOWLES had quickly perceived after his arrival in New Delhi that the 800-odd colleges and universities in India had been sorely neglected in US information programs. He has since written that from these student bodies "the leaders and intellectuals of future India will be drawn, and it seemed desperately important that some plan should be developed which would enable us to reach them."

In recruiting prominent Americans to visit Indian campuses, Mr. Bowles urged especially the inclusion of Negroes whenever possible to dramatize Negro achievement in the United States and to counter Communist-inspired distortions of the US race problem. The lesson of Redding's experiences is not that Negro emissaries have no role to perform as part of US representation in India. Rather, it is simply that those selected for this sensitive task must build emotional and political defenses beforehand.

As the author of five books and a teacher at Hampton Institute, Redding had seemed to the State Department an appropriate choice. Redding, for his part, had accepted, but "in the frame of mind of the curiosity seeker . . . I would not be tricked into taking up again some emotional baggage I had but recently jettisoned. I was prepared to give such knowledge and intelligence as I have, but in the manner of the clinician, disinterested, detached, as one in no way involved."

This was no armor for a man of letters about to face the intensely political atmosphere of Indian university audiences, and American officials in New Delhi told Redding so. Unable to absorb this last-minute briefing, he went off into battle certain that he would stick to his field, literature, simply telling his listeners he had nothing to say on controversial political subjects. As his American advisers warned, he could not keep to his promise. On the strength of his own devastatingly frank narrative, his replies to the assaults of Communist-led cliques in his audiences were somewhat less than successful.

TRAVELING in India is, of course, a trial at its best. The American new to Asia, accustomed to comfort and, as the British say, "filleted," flounderlike, by the heavy summer heat, must make a colossal adjustment even without the challenge that Redding faced. He obviously made an earnest, tireless effort to do his job. Thrust suddenly into a crushing itinerary, it is not surprising that Redding returned to New Delhi emotionally as well as physically exhausted, seeing Red spectres around every corner.

Unfortunately, he seems to have singled out only those aspects of his experiences emotionally disturbing to him, thus leaving the reader with an extremely unbalanced picture of India. He completely ignores the really representative Indian, newly aware of his part in a great nation-building effort, anxious to avoid foreign entanglements that he feels might disrupt this effort, and bearing ill will toward no nation willing to respect his anxieties. Redding refers to expressions of friendly interest in the United States, but never spells them out. He apparently felt no admiration for the inspiring constructive programs, especially in agricultural development, which a democratic regime has pushed surprisingly far in the short space of time since independence.

When he ventures into political punditry, he wobbles from one loose speculation to another. He attempts broad generalizations about the future of India despite the fact that his urban itinerary kept him from all but the most superficial contact with the spirit of rural villages. Even in the collegiate milieu with which he grew most familiar, he tends to lump together episodes where the hand of disciplined, organized student Communism was plainly at work and others where he looked into the honest, intensely inquiring (if disconcertingly belligerent) face of the Indian student.

Once, after a visit to Bezwada, one of India's major Communist strongholds, an Andhra rice-trading town virtually surrounded at the time Redding lectured there by Red Flag villages, he reported having seen no Communism. This was probably the most ludicrous of his political malapropisms (for he clearly had Communists on his mind), but it is far from the only one. His account of a discussion with Bowles, attributing to him the belief that the US should *promote* Indian "neutralism," obviously did violence to Bowles' well-known plea for *understanding*, though not condoning, the settled Indian policy.

When he is not pressing his lopsided political message, Redding often achieves penetrating vignettes of the Indian scene: the young Indian engineer back from a US education, a misfit in his native setting; the brash American vice-consul insensitive to any values but those of his own society; the cigar-smoking, Moslem Communist professor who tells Redding that "your American democracy promises comforts and security in exchange for loyalty—you do not understand that only when one performs self-sacrifices for an idea does it belong to him."

Redding is, in fact, so painstaking a reporter of sights, sounds and human interest that he manages to describe in absorbing, deadpan detail the very episodes which churned him most severely within.

In the Orchards of the Imagination

by Delmore Schwartz

THE occasion of Wallace Stevens' seventy-fifth birthday, marked as it is by the publication of his *Collected Poems*, suggests a variety of comments, a set of rhetorical statements suitable to a celebration. One must say, for example, that Stevens is certainly the best poet who has ever been the vice-president of an insurance company. This sentence is not an effort at a mere epigram, but has a great deal of bearing on the poet's work, the poet as an American, and poetry in America. One must also say: here is a poet who has been writing major poetry for more than half a century, here are more than five hundred pages of his thought and eloquence. Here is a modern poet who has celebrated the fact that it is good to be alive and that the goodness is magnified by

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that powerful way of being alive which is the writing of poems. For example, one of his poems begins: "What more is there to love than I have loved?" How many human beings, how many poets are capable of this sovereign affirmation?

Stevens' career requires some comment, since it is not only involved in his poetry as such, but it is also one way in which his poetry is important. He has had a double career. He has practised law since 1904, worked for the Hartford

Collected Poems, by Wallace Stevens (Knopf; $7.50).

Accident and Indemnity Company since 1916, and has been vice-president since 1934. For all of these fifty years he has devoted himself to the writing of poetry, and although his first book was not published until 1922, the six books which have appeared in the past 20 years are characterized by an ever-growing mastery and power, all the more impressive in middle age, a time when most poets, good or bad, tend more and more to self-imitation, or worse.

Anyone who said in 1900, 1910, or even in 1920 that it was possible to be a successful executive and at the same time a first-rate poet would have been regarded as probably jocose and possibly insane: the fact that Pound and Eliot chose to live in Europe is enough to show how peculiar and isolated a poet felt in America. It is still true that there is a fundamental conflict between the vocation of poetry and the middle-class business community. Nevertheless Stevens' career is a parable of what is possible. Too much and too little can be made of Stevens' example. But one can be sure, at least, that Stevens has made the most of the conflict of his situation; has made a fecund virtue out of a difficult necessity.

This is clear in the very style and substance of his poems. The starting-point of Stevens' poems is often the aesthetic experience in isolation from all other experiences, as art is isolated from work, and as a museum is special and isolated in any modern American community. And if one limits oneself to the surface of Stevens' poetic style, one can characterize Stevens as the poet of Sunday: the poet of the week-end, the holiday, and the vacation, who sees objects at a distance, as they appear to the tourist or in the art museum. But this is merely the poet's starting-point. Stevens converts aestheticism into contemplation in the full philosophical and virtually religious sense of the word. The surface of his poetry is very often verbal, visual, and gay; beneath the surface, it is a deadly earnest scrutiny of attitudes toward existence, of "how to live, what to do." The reader begins with the impression that Stevens is a dandy and virtuoso of language, and too many readers have stopped with that impression; but the reader who persists discovers that Stevens is literally a poet of ideas, a philosophical poet; his discourses on thought, existence, nature, and destiny are suave and elegant—and also profound, uniting an underlying seriousness with an ultimate gayety. The point of view of the man of art, the concert-goer, the student of French poetry—the point of view, in short, of the aesthete—has been transformed from a limitation into a window with "a good light" as the poet says, "for those who know the ultimate Plato."

STEVENS has often been much underrated because readers fail to perceive this transformation. The reader begins with such sensuous observations as

> The sound of z in the grass all day....
>
> A crinkled paper makes a brilliant sound....
>
> With my whole body I taste these peaches....

Each perception is in itself valuable and beautiful; hence it is understandable enough that the careless reader does not see how often the perceptions are essentially springboards leading to ultimate generalizations, to such formulations of insight and wisdom as

> The greatest poverty is not to live
> In a physical world....
>
> Adam in Eden was the father of Descartes....
>
> If sex were all, then every trembling hand
> Could make us speak, like dolls, the wished-for words....

Perhaps the best illustration is one of Stevens' best and most ambitious poems: "Le Monocle de Mon Oncle." The title itself is ironic and flippant and thus misleading; and the poem is written chiefly in the bravura style of such verses as

> Is it for nothing, then, that old Chinese
> Sat titivating by their mountain pools
> Or in the Yangtze studied out their beards....

and

> ...A frog
> Boomed from his belly odious chords....

But the poem is, in fact, a serious meditation on the nature of love. When the middleaged protagonist describes himself and his wife as "Two golden gourds distended on our vines . . . We hang like warty squashes, streaked and rayed," the mocking ironic grotesqueness is necessary to bring one to the conclusion, the delicate statement of the difficult belief that love makes human beings important and unique, no matter how they look in middle age or at any other time.

R. P. Blackmur was the first to remark (in a pioneer essay on Stevens, in 1932) that Stevens' poems "grow in the mind." They do. The growing continues, astonishing and inexhaustible, and comparable to the experience of living with paintings. And as his poetry grows in one's mind, the greater the abundance of comment which it seems to require. Clearly the primary comment must be the conviction that Stevens is a great poet, that his work as a whole is as important as that of Frost and Eliot. There are so many other things to be said about his work (naturally enough, since it is the fruit of fifty years) that, in a brief essay, one can hardly attempt to do more than name some of them. There is the complex neglected fact that Stevens is a New England poet, like Robinson and Frost, and like Emerson, Thoreau, and Emily Dickinson also. Exhibiting the strains of solitude, exoticism, and Puritanism, his poems are at times comparable to the precious and strange objects which Yankee skippers acquired in the China trade. Then there is Stevens' assimilation and mastery of the lessons of modern painting, *vers libre* and imagism, of the traditional norms of the blank verse style in Shakespeare and Milton, his inventive and original use of place names, of foreign and archaic words, and his witty coinages, his relationship to Whitman and to Baudelaire (two poets who almost never are a combined influence upon any modern poet). And then there is the triumph of his reputation, which like that of Marianne Moore and William Carlos Williams, has been slow but irresistible, and which must be credited solely to that literary sect which is almost wholly devoted to poetry and

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the criticism of poetry. It would be necessary to deal at length with these and other aspects of Stevens' work to define the important sense in which he is a profoundly modern and purely American poet.

If, however, it were necessary to define Stevens' poetry on the head of a pin, or in a word, perhaps the best word would be: interpretation (which is, I believe, an important part of the law). Interpretation is the key—and the glory—of Stevens' poetry: the power and richness of interpretation is made infinite by the poetic imagination. Uniting interpretation with imagination, Stevens arrives at a system of perspectives which makes or can make anything and everything poetic; everything which exists can be a rich instance of the poetic, once it is seen from the right bias, angle, or attitude of interpretation. If Molière's bourgeois gentleman had lived to read Stevens' poems, he might have been delighted to discover at last that he had been speaking poetry, not prose, all his life without knowing it.

The consummation is inconceivable, even among the modern children of the bourgeois gentleman, but this is only the negative side of the whole truth. It is true that the millions who heard the Elephant polka which Stravinsky composed for Ringling Bros. circus, and the millions of readers—or rather, viewers—of *Life* who saw Marianne Moore photographed on a visit to the zoo, among the animals who inspired some of her best poems, will never remember Stravinsky nor read Miss Moore's poems. But it is also true that millions who sit upon furniture which is what it is because of Picasso have never heard of Cubism. So too the poetry of Stevens will modify the speech and consciousness of many generations indirectly. His inventions, his discoveries, his long labor in the orchards of the imagination will directly affect other poets more and more in the future, giving a new, unintended and triumphant meaning to a pronouncement in his first book which was merely meant to be witty: "I am a man of fortune greeting heirs."

Coming

New Republic's
40th Anniversary Issue
November 22

"English Writing & Total War"

by George Orwell

A Physicist's Ways

IN THE SUMMER of 1941, I was preparing a magazine article about atomic energy, which was already beginning to be discussed, four years before the Bomb. In my dull, plodding way, I interviewed Harold Urey, Vannevar Bush, John Danning and Ernest O. Lawrence; and I also interviewed a young refugee Italian physicist at Columbia University. Though I didn't know it then, this man was already deep at work on the secret researches which were to result in the Atomic Age. He could easily have brushed aside my request for an interview with some fabricated excuse, but he didn't. He talked to me for a couple of hours and gave what I now realize was an extraordinarily skillful display of mental pyrotechnics. He told me a great deal about the unstable atom of U 235; it made a coherent story, contributing valuable material to my article. At the same time he was concealing from me a great deal of secret information. It was about like taking up alternate sections of railroad track and doing it so smartly that the trains still ran.

Atoms in the Family, by Laura Fermi (Chicago; $4).

The young scholar was of course Dr. Enrico Fermi, even today only in his early fifties and certainly one of the two or three men who most deserve that too freely awarded title, Father of the Atom Bomb. Several years earlier, he had been given the Nobel Prize for his work in Rome in slowed-down neutrons, a development fundamental to atom splitting. He was in charge of the group which, at the University of Chicago, brought about history's first self-sustaining atomic chain reaction. At Los Alamos, where the bomb was actually created, he was Associate Director. He was on the committee of four scientists who advised President Truman to drop the first bomb on Hiroshima, believing that it would shorten the war and save the lives of many American soldiers. For his work on the bomb he was awarded the Congressional Medal for Merit. He continues to this day one of the world leaders in atomic physics.

This could all be true, and an affectionate wifely biography could still be very dull indeed. On the contrary, Mrs. Fermi's book is fascinating, so much so that it will probably be on the best-seller list within a few weeks' time. This is partly because of her portrait of her husband, brilliant, impulsive, modest about his achievements in physics but vain about his abilities in mountain climbing and swimming, a man with a wonderful knack for getting out of his share of housework. Beyond this Mrs. Fermi, witty and perceptive, gives a rounded picture of her girlhood in Italy and of the impact of American life on a sophisticated European.

Finally, her book necessarily, even though incidentally, tells the story of the atom bomb and the men who made it. The atomic scientists kept their secrets loyally, even at home. Fermi would disappear for days at a time without saying where he was going or had been. On one occasion, the couple gave a party and every man who entered the room shook the host's hand and congratulated him. When his wife asked the reason, all he finally vouchsafed was that "today he had sunk a Japanese admiral." Not until years later did she learn that on this day the first sustained chain reaction in uranium had taken place, in a room under the unused football stadium at the University of Chicago. She also tells, better than I have ever heard it from anyone, the fantastic story of life at Los Alamos, where the size of your apartment depended on the size of your family but the rent was an arbitrary percentage of your income, and maid service was doled out by the Army strictly on a basis of proved household exigencies.

Mrs. Fermi takes no part in the political quarrels which are so deeply shaking the scientific family at the present time. She likes nearly everybody, though she was less than enthusiastic about Klaus Fuchs, the pale, silent and moody young traitor who even now seems to have no idea of the dreadful misery he helped to bring upon the world. Bruno Pontecorvo, who went over to the Russians with a mass of im-

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Coming

New Republic's
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"Loom Dance"
by Sherwood Anderson

portant secrets, had been a friend of the family for many years without ever once revealing his Communist leaning—or his wife's. In this book you can learn how Fermi almost sawed off Edward Teller's finger, why Niels Bohr failed to return his borrowed skis, what worried Fermi during the Nobel Prize ceremony, and how it happened that he didn't see the flash when the world's first atomic bomb was set off.

Even if this volume were not so readable, it would still have historic significance in days to come. Imagine how pleased we should be if Christopher Columbus had had a wife along to set down all the revealing human incidents of the voyage; Mrs. Fermi has written a similar record of one of the chief Columbuses who have brought all of us irrevocably across strange seas into a new world.

BRUCE BLIVEN

Free Association

WRITING more than a century ago, against a background of European absolutism undermined by revolution, Alexis De Toqueville termed the American practice of voluntary association as "the enjoyment of a dangerous freedom." He called it dangerous only in the sense that it was so considered by most European statesmen; he himself hailed it as the backbone of the new democracy. "In no country in the world," he said, "has the principle of association been more successfully used or applied to a great multitude of objects than in America."

A Dangerous Freedom, by Bradford Smith (Lippincott; $3.95).

Mr. Bradford Smith made the American manifestation of this principle of association the theme of his new book. He defines it as "the voluntary power of citizens to conduct their own affairs," a means of getting things done for the benefit of the community. Americans, he points out, have from the very beginning acted together in their effort to establish a firm foothold on the new continent, thereby clearly demonstrating "a faith in the value of action, in the power of men to help each other through voluntary association, a faith in the dignity of human effort." This tendency of individuals to work together for the common good, which has characterized American life from the time of the Mayflower, Mr. Smith calls "the hallmark of American democracy."

The bulk of the book is devoted to a historical account of the basic importance of the principle of voluntary association in the unique development of the United States. Mr. Smith demonstrates that the Mayflower Compact, though conceived in feudal terms, of necessity stressed the novel democratic idea of government by voluntary association, thereby preparing the ideological ground for the revolutionary doctrines of Samuel Adams and Thomas Jefferson.

The new Americans of the 1770's, ready to throw off English rule, united voluntarily to liberate the Colonies and to establish the young nation under a democratic Constitution. Once independent and in control of a largely unexplored continental expanse, Americans readily accepted the challenge of entering and settling the vast frontier. Of necessity, however, they had to band together in groups for protection against Indians and the elements—to act on the principles of mutual aid and voluntary association. The government they established in their crude settlements was inevitably based on the consent of the governed—not by force of authority but by means of a majority rule.

An examination of nineteenth century America reveals multiform manifestations of voluntary association. Among other instances Mr. Smith discusses in interesting and often vivid detail the innumerable wagon trains, composed of intrepid volunteers, making their perilous way across the continent—each individual concerned for the good of the group; the exploits and achievements of the Underground Railroad; the various utopian colonies aiming at the establishment of heaven on earth; the culture-conscious lyceums and Chautauquas; the picturesque reform groups agitating for temperance, women's rights, and less tangible panaceas; the spread of labor unions, trade associations, and benevolent orders; the emergence of the Grange, the Red Cross, the YMCA, and various other altruistic institutions. Mr. Smith also surveys the numerous contemporary group efforts to work for the common good and finds that everywhere these groups, sparked by energetic individuals, are doing things which in other countries people expect the government to do. Nor does he ignore the accusation that we are a nation of joiners:

> It is easy to smile at ourselves for rushing around to one meeting after another. . . . But this is the sort of people we are. We may waste a lot of energy, but we have succeeded by associating together in raising the highest standard of health, education, and general welfare yet achieved by man.

Mr. Smith is undoubtedly on solid ground in his praise of voluntary association as an essential aspect of democracy. Like other advocates of a principle or an ideal, however, he tends to overextend his claim.

CHARLES A. MADISON

"The story of a fabulous man — as inspiring as it is lively."
—DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

A BIOGRAPHY OF
MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

The Life and Times of a Happy Liberal

By KENNETH E. TROMBLEY

Engineering rebel, public servant, and trouble-shooter for the White House under Roosevelt and Truman, Morris L. Cooke has been a dramatic example of an engineer who sought to put the public good ahead of private and special interests. This biography chronicles for the first time the dramatic episodes in his public life that have had such important political repercussions, especially in the controversies over public power and labor policies.

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The King's English

SIR ERNEST GOWERS wishes that British officials, and in fact everyone, would write clearly and simply, without what he calls officialese and what Americans, following the late Maury Maverick, describe as gobbledegook. To forward this worthy cause, Sir Ernest has written two small books that are here combined into one and handsomely published by Knopf. In addition to an impassioned argument against pretentiousness, ambiguity and verbosity, Sir Ernest goes over some of the same ground covered in Fowler's masterly *Modern English Usage* including the commonest faults in the use of words, awkward sentence construction, and bad punctuation.

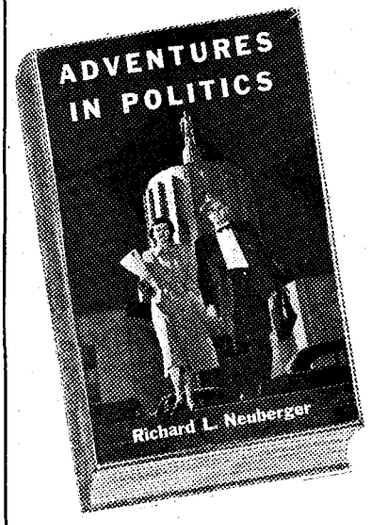
Plain Words: Their A B C, by Sir Ernest Gowers (Knopf; $2.50).

The author sensibly recognizes that language is changing, and that grammarians must not stand, finger in dike, when the water is over their heads. Some of the cases where an agonizing reappraisal is probably inevitable are familiar to all editors: "contact" as a verb; "like" instead of "as"; "data" as a singular noun; "phenomenal" as remarkable, unusual; "providing" instead of "provided." While he is opposed to such solecisms, he is equally opposed to the band of Nice Nellies who say that it is wrong to ever split an infinitive, or to use a preposition to end a sentence with. He quotes again Sir Winston Churchill's famous comment on a sentence clumsily written to avoid a prepositional ending: "This is the sort of English up with which I will not put," and the also famous remark, "What did you choose that book to be read to out of for?"

I am enrolled under Sir Ernest's banner, yet I cannot help an uneasy feeling that such books as his are not very effective. (The word "very" is overused and is rarely needed.) We all know that there are two groups of people, writers and people who take courses in writing, and that they hardly overlap. Similarly, one could follow every precept Sir Ernest lays down and still be intolerably dull; to some extent, writing well is like having an ear for music: training helps, but only if the native talent is already there.

It seems to me that the author is rather too hard on journalists, most of whom do not have time to be brief. He also overlooks the fact that in an age when verbosity is almost universal, the man who is concise runs the risk of sounding mannered and eccentric. I am sure that most of the people who commit the sins against the King's English that are in Sir Ernest's catalogue won't read his book, and wouldn't be much benefited if they did. On the other hand, even those who need it the least are pretty sure to find a few useful things in it: do you know, for a couple of random examples, the real meaning of "jargon," and the difference between "autarchy" and "autarky"?

One or two reviews of this book had appeared before the present one went to press. They were written by highly competent professionals, but in each case it seemed to me that the reviewer was being unusually careful about his English—such things, for instance, as "shall" and "will," "which" and "that." He obviously felt Sir Ernest looking over his shoulder, not at all a bad place (needless double negative) for such a mentor to be. B. B.



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Adultery in Brooklyn

In the dear, dead days beyond the recall of most of us, the most famous preacher of the land, Henry Ward Beecher, was brought to trial for adultery on a complaint filed in City Court, Brooklyn, by his one-time friend, Theodore Tilton. As those readers know who have already seen a large portion of this book as it appeared in *The New Yorker* some weeks ago, Tilton alleged that Beecher

> . . . contriving and wilfully intending to injure the plaintiff and deprive him of the comfort, society, aid and assistance of . . . Elizabeth, the wife of the plaintiff, and to alienate and destroy her affection for him, heretofore on or about the tenth day of October, 1868, and on diverse other days . . . wrongfully and wickedly . . . debauched and carnally knew the said Elizabeth, whereof her affection for the said plaintiff was wholly alienated and destroyed . . .

The trial was the scandal of the era, in addition to being the country's and most of the world's source of entertainment from January through June, 1875.

Free Love and Heavenly Sinners, by Robert Shaplen (Knopf; $3.95).

Now, adultery isn't all that uncommon, nor would a rich, miscreant minister have sufficed to raise so much commotion. It was the peripheral issues that were more important; the social questions involved must have meant far more to the intellectually honest than Beecher's and Mrs. Tilton's guilt or innocence; moreover, closely allied to "L'affaire Beecher-Stilton," as a Marseille paper called it, were the startling and revolutionary figures of three bold ladies: Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony and Victoria Woodhull. The first two of these were primarily suffragists, the third was a spiritualist, referred to in contemporary illustrations as Mrs. Satan, and certainly a more likely bet for a witch than her tamer counterparts two hundred years earlier. Miss Woodhull (or more popularly, "The Woodhull") would have had our forebears save themselves through free love.

Henry Ward Beecher did not advocate free love; he gave evidence of thinking it a fine idea, however, provided it was ordered from on high, and indeed many thought, and some knew, that he practiced it under a surprising name; he called it true marriage, and declared it a more holy relationship than a loveless legal union. The Woodhull accused him of moral cowardice and thought him more reprehensible for his refusal to embrace wholeheartedly what she was convinced was the new order than for his denial, in practice, of the old. But there is no doubt that Beecher's lovemaking had little to do with orders of any sort; he was a dynamic, outgoing, warm person whose wife was by comparison a dry, humorless puritanical old shrew who came to be known as "The Griffin." In this way, heavenly comfort took the place of the domestic variety, and in certain members of his congregation he found more than comfort.

As one of Protestantism's most important leaders, his influence was enormous; his revivalist technique and his general emotionalism certainly played their roles well once he took an active, positive stand on the fight to emancipate the negroes, for instance. And his columns in the *Independent*, a Brooklyn religious publication, were widely read and quoted.

Theodore Tilton, at that time managing editor of the *Independent*, had for a spouse a devout, childlike and not overly bright woman whose devotion to her Church and her churchman apparently knew no bounds. Tilton was at first an extreme Calvinist; under the humanitarianism of his mentor, Beecher, he quickly began to develop enough qualms for Unitarianism to seem appealing, and finally became involved with the Anti-Christ in the guise of evolutionism. When Mrs. Stanton began to frequent the Tilton salon, staid Brooklyn's eyebrows went up and stayed that way until suitable epithets were invented for the radical.

Beecher, in his sermons, never went far enough to the left to alienate very many of his congregation. To his parishioners he was the very soul of piety, although of the theatrical variety; indeed, Plymouth Church was known as "Beecher's Theatre."

The very thought that the libertine, Tilton, would accuse the paragon of holiness of such a low sin as adultery could not be tolerated by the Victorian sense of decency. When William M. Evarts, Beecher's attorney, pleaded at the trial that

> . . . a victory for Henry Ward Beecher would be a victory for one and all, preserving everything that was pure in American life, it mattered less that Beecher might have been guilty . . . than that Evarts . . . was right about the need for such a victory in the face of attacks made against the structure of society by such brazen women as Victoria Woodhull. "Tossed about in endless controversy . . .," he said, were "questions of taste, of social ethics, of manners and morals, of religious forms and religious faith."

Reading the evidence, mostly in the form of numerous letters sent by the three principals to each other, there is no room for admitting the slightest doubt as to the true state of affairs. In what was then known as the letter of apology, Beecher wrote to his friend Frank Moulton:

> I ask through you Theodore Tilton's forgiveness and I humble myself before him as I do before my God . . . I will not plead for myself, I even wish that I were dead . . . She is guiltless, sinned against, bearing the transgression of another. . . .

This doesn't sound like an apology for consolation offered a friend's wife, even in view of the literary histrionics current at the time, and in other notes, the same tone prevails. Mrs. Tilton's troubled conscience, also, is exposed quite clearly in her letters to her traveling husband; it was more of a shock than a surprise to him when she was moved to confess to him one night in the summer of 1870, a confession she later retracted under Beecher's influence, and which retraction she still later retracted. Yet Beecher was cleared by a Church Committee (which was no surprise to anyone; he had hand-picked it), and went free after a trial in which, after eight days of deliberation, the jury could not agree.

The author of this book is honest enough to call Beecher an adulterer with no hesitation, although most of the book is free from subjective evaluations. It would be comfortable to say that the specific outcome of the affair didn't matter terribly much, but the opposite was true: Beecher's prestige continued to grow, even though Elizabeth Tilton, in 1878, wrote to her legal adviser:

> A few weeks ago, after long months of mental anguish, I told . . . a few

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friends whom I bitterly deceived, that the charge brought by my husband, of adultery, between myself and the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher, was true, and that the lie I had lived so well the last four years had become intolerable to me. That statement I now solemnly re-affirm . . .

Theodore Tilton died in Paris in 1907, an expatriate. Victoria Woodhull outlived them all; went to England and married John Biddulph Martin, the son of a wealthy banker, after having had to renounce all her feminist ideals in order to get the consent of his parents. She died in 1927.

Happily, scandals are soon forgotten, and it is pleasant to believe that in two generations' time, or less, the high old time most of us had via television a few months back may be as unremembered as the events that transpired in City Court, Brooklyn, some eighty years ago.

Almost all of the book is a compilation of the facts from contemporary sources, the principal one being the actual court transcript. The complicated emotional involvements of all concerned are handled with utmost skill, and while the style is rather plain, the subject is vivid and violet enough to supply all the necessary excitement.

ROBERT PARRIS

Notes on the Critics

SELIG HARRISON is a Nieman fellow at Harvard. He has just returned from India, where he spent three years as a correspondent of the Associated Press. DELMORE SCHWARTZ is a poet, critic, and an editor of The Partisan Review. CHARLES A. MADISON writes frequently on American History. ROBERT PARRIS, a free-lance writer, is a new contributor. ERIC BENTLEY'S new book, *The Dramatic Event* was published last week.

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THEATRE

AT A RECENT press conference in Paris, a poet from behind the Iron Curtain was asked if there was anything of value in American theatre: he replied that there had been the Federal Theatre and there were still the musicals. His grounds for approving the Federal Theatre being presumably political, musicals were evidently the only kind of American theatre in which he found any artistic merit. The idea was that while the serious drama was monopolized by a decadent and reactionary intelligentsia, in the musicals the vitality of the people found expression. Not, of course that the musical was truly progressive; it was largely without content, "formalistic"; but the form was itself lively and interesting and, if taken over by the right people. . . . Now the odd thing is that, though most of us disagree with the form of this very argument, we agree to its content. We feel that more could some day be done with the musical than has been done up to now, that music and book could be raised to a higher power.

On Your Toes, by Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart (46th Street Theatre).

Yet—and this is the side of the truth I am going to stress—the best musicals at present are not those which indicate an effort to transform the musical, such as, to take a recent example, *The Golden Apple* by John Latouche and Jerome Moross. I found these men at their best when they stayed well within the conventions, as they did in their fooling, and at their worst when they tried to transcend it, as they did in repeated attempts at poetry and social significance.

It is true that the musical does, in some respects, break down the barriers between highbrow and lowbrow. A triumphant example was to be found in the scenery of *Golden Apple* (designed by the Eckarts) which in its spare, Mondrian lines and light, bright (not gaudy) colors was perhaps the loveliest sight of the 1953-4 season. But the idea of calling in the High Artist doesn't always have such happy consequences. When Oliver Smith's sophisticated cleverness adorns a George Abbott show, you say: Couldn't they have hired someone with less education?

The best musicals at present are not those with the biggest intentions behind them but those with the simple virtues in them of singable tunes and sheer showmanship. If I had to say what single man could do most to give us a good musical, I would reply: Richard Rodgers. Second I would place George Abbott; third, say, Michael Kidd or Jerome Robbins. A star actor is not necessary, especially if we have Abbott to find new talent for us. And who cares who designs the scenery (so long as there's plenty of it)? If stars are not indispensable, "featured players" are. In fact they are the life and soul of the performance. In the past two years, I have not seen many first-rate musicals, but in every one there were a couple of first-rate items. All I can recall of *Hazel Flagg* is Jack Whiting, with his smart soft-shoe rhythm, his admirable way of speaking his songs, his comical, cockeyed dignity. From *Golden Apple,* I retain Jonathan Lucas woozily dancing "Lazy Afternoon" and Portia Nelson jigging up and down with voice and body for "Doomed, Doomed;" from *Show Boat,* Helena Bliss leaning against the proscenium arch and dreamily singing till we forgot the time; from *Can Can,* Gwen Verdon's homey smile, unhomey body and high kicks; from *Threepenny Opera,* Charlotte Rae, grimacing and hitching her stocking up. . . .

To admit that Rodgers' name leads all the rest is not necessarily to approve the direction which the Rodgers-Hammerstein musicals have been taking. On the contrary, I think Hammerstein's soul is in peril: he, more than anyone, is out to make the-musical-that-is-more-than-a-musical. His success with the public has been enormous, but is this because his shows got better or because they fell in with a new, not necessarily healthy trend in public feeling?

James Thurber says that America no longer wants comedy, and he blames this

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by H. G. Wells

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on McCarthyism: we are all too scared to laugh. But surely the anti-humorous trend in popular culture began before McCarthy got going? Or, if not, has much broader than political causes? Take the difference between early and late Hitchcock movies. The public ceased to want the spry comicality of *The Lady Vanishes* and was given Ingrid Bergman ravenously chewing Cary Grant's ear. Or compare the Myrna Loy of around 1930 with the same actress in *The Best Years of Our Lives*: she had been re-written, as it were, by Oscar Hammerstein.

No wonder that *On Your Toes* by Rodgers and Hart strikes the newspapermen as old-fashioned. The only thing is: anyone *except* a newspaperman will prefer it that way. The breath of a less stuffy generation is in the piece. I agree with Mr. Thurber that something was lost during the forties and early fifties—and here, in this musical of the thirties, it is: namely, a cocky, satirical, devil-may-care philosophy that is certainly very attractive and possibly very useful. Anyhow, it makes for good light theatre, whereas, for example, the last scene of *Carousel* is an impertinence. I refuse to be lectured by a musical comedy scriptwriter on the education of children, the nature of the good life, and the contribution of the American small town to the salvation of souls. I regard such a *gaffe* simply as an opportunity to get out of the theatre before the crowd. Likewise the death of the king in *The King and I*; it was his job to stay alive and high-kicking. But *On Your Toes* is true musical comedy, ending in a Slaughter on Tenth Avenue which sends us unreformed home to bed.

The new show is not beyond criticism. There are some loathsome fruity-spangly costumes by Irene Sharaff; and Vera Zorina seems badly miscast as a sort of Tallulah of the dance. But George Abbott can not only get along without stars: he can get along *with* stars who don't quite fit. *On Your Toes* is not a setting for a leading lady, it is an ensemble show in which the two great motive forces are Abbott and Balanchine. I sometimes think the choreographers do better work for Broadway than for City Center or the Met. (Robbins, for example, is a much freer spirit when he is trivial than when he is trying to interpret W. H. Auden.) However, I intend no slur on Balanchine's past when I say that his present Broadway show is first-rate musical comedy. How the "serious" theatre would come alive if anything ever happened there like the dance in the rain from *On Your Toes* (the dancers carrying umbrellas and the lights dimmed). And master of the whole ceremony is George Abbott.

Who is the greatest directorial exponent of what the American theatre does with most gaiety and zest? It would be hard to name anyone other than Mr. Abbott.

The find of the show (as far as I am concerned: others may have found her before) is Elaine Stritch who combines an assured and taut technique with an enormous and relaxed warmth of personality.

ERIC BENTLEY

...Notes on Broadway

Midsummer Night's Dream (Metropolitan Opera House): Shakespeare overwhelmed by another super-production of Michael Benthall's. Victorian-type staging without the great Victorian actors. Stanley Holloway: mediocre. Robert Helpmann: audible.

The Boy Friend (Royale). A Musical by Sandy Wilson. A fine exhibition of British, deadpan comic acting, especially on the part of Julie Andrews and Eric Berry. But the work itself is that feeblest of jokes, the joke against the generation immediately preceding one's own: we are asked to believe that the 1920's are, as such, ridiculous. I prefer the joke against one's own generation.

Reclining Figure (Lyceum). This light comedy by Harry Kurnitz has been roughly criticized because it doesn't have the famous Broadway tempo. What does it matter? It is a superior entertainment; if you don't laugh without interruption (which is impossible anyway) you laugh very loudly and quite often. I think Martin Gabel, producer and actor, is to be congratulated on keeping Broadway acquainted with sharp, unsentimental humor, when he knows he could get higher marks in the *Times* (and elsewhere) for telling warm-hearted, "democratic" lies about people.

The Tender Trap (Longacre). By Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith, this play is another American farce that bogs down in sentimentality and moral pretension. There are dozens of good jokes in the dialogue; and sometimes, for a short while, there is even a thread to join the pearls together. But in the end these authors are less interested in the plot ("the soul of the drama") than in lecturing us on wholesomeness in girls, the duties of bachelors, the problems of the unmarried woman of 33, etc.

Peter Pan (Winter Garden). Out of Los Angeles comes the worst musical score I have ever heard (even out of Los Angeles), yet the occasion is saved by Jerome Robbins (director) and his two stars, Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard. That a whole musical should be choreographically directed and yet not hinder the stars from giving liberally of themselves is a more original achievement than is being admitted. (Sidelight on Mr. Ritchard's performance as Captain Hook: one views with apprehension the tendency of modern actors to give a new touch to the old villains by intimating that the latter are effeminate.)

Sing Me No Lullaby (Phoenix). By Robert Ardrey. This is the most serious play of the season so far, and I found myself getting deeply involved in it. However, I am not sympathetic toward the author's point of view, and I think he is pretty unscrupulous in his method of presenting it. Mr. Ardrey, if I understand him, believes that America is going to the dogs because it persecutes ex-Communists. He proves this point by stacking his cards. The play has some of the emotional excitement of a thriller; and like a writer of thrillers, Mr. Ardrey strews his script with false clues; if they were false clues to his story alone that would be all right; but, in my view, they are false clues to Communism, anti-Communism, and thus to the whole problem posed. I am going to get back to this play later, if I have the chance.

E. B.

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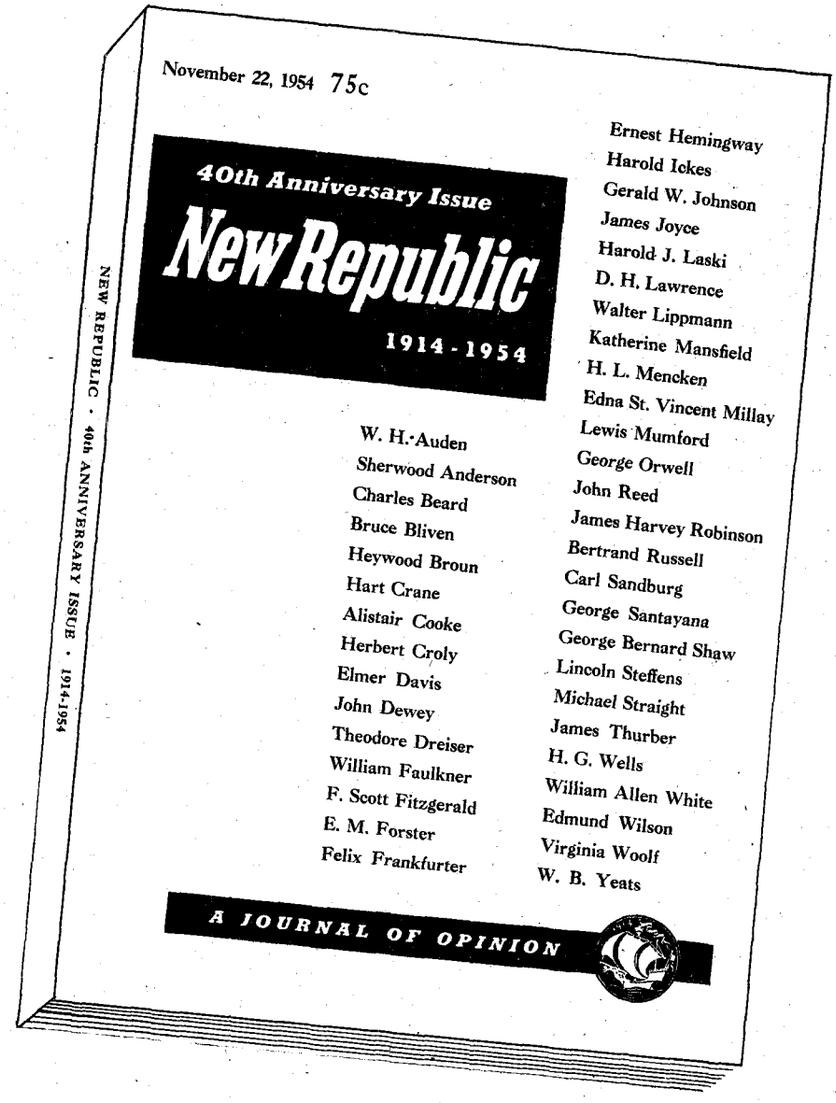

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